



# The Student's Pen

March  
1936



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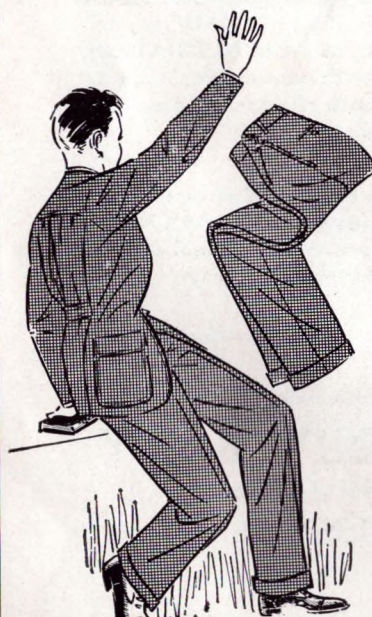
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# THE STUDENT'S PEN

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## The Robin's Song

Dorothy Shelton

Today I met a robin  
Who was trying hard to sing,  
A pretty little robin  
Who had come to greet the Spring.

So I ceased my weary walking,  
And drawing near his tree,  
I looked up and he looked down,  
" 'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring," sang he.

"Poor little Robin Redbreast,  
Surely you must know  
That Spring has really not arrived;  
Why look, there yet is snow!"

Still unconvinced he eyed me,  
And commenced again to sing  
His cheerful little message of  
" 'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring, 'tis Spring."

Cautiously I sniffed the breeze;  
To hope, I did not dare,  
But sure enough I smelled it—  
Spring was present in the air.

## On the Editor's Desk



### YOUTH'S PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS

By Dorothy Klein

THOUSANDS of students are graduating at regular periods yearly from our public schools and our colleges. These young people no longer have text-books and theoretical knowledge to guide them. Now they are faced with solving one of the most important problems which any teacher might have placed before them. They are faced with the problem of how to provide for themselves financially and how to make use of the knowledge and training they have gained. What to do? Where to turn? How to manage? These are the questions which confront them.

For those whose good fortune it is to continue in some higher institution of learning, the consequences are averted for a comparatively short time. However, the underlying problem alters itself in no way, but rather appears more grim and foreboding as the years go by.

Young, eager, and willing, they prepare themselves for carrying on, but are continually warned of the already crowded fields in business and industry. From almost every source unwelcome greetings answer the pleas of the seekers.

The number of students graduating from our schools is steadily increasing. Schools are no longer schools, but rather mills or manufacturing concerns which over-supply the demands of consumers many times. Each year new graduates are added to the already

long lists of unemployed. There is no check upon the flowing stream. With no education at all one would have not even the slightest chance in competition; with education there is not room for everyone. How can everyone be satisfied?

These people are waiting, watchfully and expectantly, for their chances to come. But—. Fifteen or twenty years ago our country itself was an example of youth in its stage of development. Its industries were then in their infancy; its great cities were but towns and villages open for development to all. But now everything is developed to its fullest capacity. Manufacturing has been so advanced that man is practically replaced by capable pieces of machinery which far outdo any human being. Our mines have no room. Our farms have been cultivated to the degree where farmers have been paid to cease production. With the development of our towns and villages came the rich fulfilling of the need in the medical, legal, and engineering professions.

The supply that is now being produced is too great for the consumer—the industries and professions of the United States. What can youth, eager to try its luck in the great experiment with life, do under the shackles of such obstacles? Is there some solution for their problems? Are they the unneeded generation?



## HIGH SCHOOL PLAYS: THEIR VALUE

By Fred Stebbins

A SHORT time ago, the present Senior A class elected its play chairman, who in turn will choose his fellow committee-men. What type of play this committee will select remains to be seen, but there are certain principles which should be borne in mind by all who have a voice in the decision. In fact, every underclassman in Pittsfield High School should be vitally interested in this problem since they are all potential play committee-men.

Any high school play, should have, from the very nature of it, a definite value to its audience. When this value is questionable, or is completely obscure, a new type of play by all means should be introduced.

A high school play should have educational value, else it fails in an important requisite of a secondary school play. Any play, presented by the students for the rest of the student body of a school, should have, besides its usually primary object of making money, an aim of far greater importance to the pupil. This aim, as far as I can see, should be to instill in the student a lasting love for fine drama. When a production accomplishes this along with its other objectives, it can be truly pronounced a success.

A great many of our recent plays have failed, I think, in this fundamental objective of high school plays. They have made money, true; they have been popular, unquestionably; but have they furthered, in any way, a lasting interest in good drama? It is hardly possible for these plays to do so; they have nothing in their composition that might inspire it. The play itself is usually common place enough, and its popularity is due to the acting and the ridiculous positions in which the actors are continually found.

A worthwhile play, such as one by A. A. Milne or James Barrie, would be difficult to present, but the consensus of opinion is that they could be done and might be done well, for amateurs as well as professionals will work harder, it is generally agreed, to make a success of a good play than they will for some "fair to middling" production. In a school of our size, it is hard to believe that we haven't enough talent for anything but such frivolous comedies as we have been getting of late.

There is nothing left then to think, except that the audience is at fault. If the student body will not support a certain type of play, you can be assured that the type will be changed to suit the audience the next time. The pupils, in their ignorance of good plays, pick a type that they can readily understand, which is only natural. However, if a drama appreciation course were installed as part of our high school curriculum, what kind of play would be acceptable then? It is interesting speculation. Whether or not it will ever be answered remains to be seen.

As all other extra curricular activities of the high school are definitely educational in their aim, why can not plays reflect this same spirit? That does not mean that the traditional Senior A social function would necessarily be dull—by no means—the plays of Milne or Barrie certainly are more interesting than any we have yet seen in high school.

Soon the graduating class will again present its farewell play—reflecting the tastes of the students—what will it be? Mere diversion, that can be more cheaply obtained at a theatre, or drama at its best—something that you will be proud to have seen?

# Student Literature



## TO TELL OR NOT TO TELL

By Roberta K. Paul

FORTY pencils flew rapidly back and forth as forty boys and girls strove desperately to recall the terms of the Treaty of Paris, the importance of the Battle of Ghent, and a thousand other tiresome but none the less important facts.

The senior class of Oakdale High School was taking an examination which was to determine the winner of a scholarship in history. Competition was keen, and hearts beat a trifle faster as the pupils doubled their efforts to earn the coveted honor.

Dorothy Mason, pausing in her work for a moment, idly surveyed her classmates. Her record had been an excellent one, and she had every reason to hope for success. Yet a strange premonition seized her as she glanced across at Edith Browne. Suddenly she saw herself, a child of five, at a Christmas party given by her Sunday School. The presents were fastened to the tree, and near the top perched a lovely doll in blue. How she longed for that doll! As the names were called, she waited patiently hoping it might be for her; but when it was finally taken down, the name on the card was "Edith Browne". An insignificant incident in itself—yet somehow it had been symbolic. In the intervening years she had always wanted things, but Edith had received them. So Dorothy had an uncomfortable feeling that the scholarship was not for her.

But what on earth was Edith doing? She had been watching the teacher for some time, and as Miss Ryan turned to reprimand another student, Edith folded back her cuff with a surreptitious movement. Dotty stared in amazement. Could Edith be—yes; there was no doubt about it. Edith was cheating, for carefully tucked under her cuff was a slip of paper which she cautiously consulted.

The examination was over. The papers were collected, and Miss Ryan dismissed the class.

Came Monday morning, the day on which the announcement of the prize winner was to be made. Dotty, walking to school, waited for her friend Virginia Slade, to catch up with her. Obviously excited, Virginia could scarcely contain herself.

"What do you know," she burst forth. "Miss Ryan told mother that Edith Browne had the highest mark. You were second."

"So it has happened again," was Dorothy's first reaction. "But it isn't fair," she rebelled inwardly. Edith hadn't won honestly; she didn't deserve the reward. If it were known that she had cheated, she wouldn't receive the scholarship. Why not tell what she had seen? Why not, indeed? However, no sooner had she made her decision than she knew that it would not be carried out. Never in her life had she tattled, and if she did so now, it would only be because she was jealous,



because she coveted the honor for herself. Such motives were unworthy. No, Edith was safe as far as Dorothy was concerned.

The entire school had gathered in the auditorium; excitement ran high, for the scholarship was well worth winning, and all were eager to learn the name of the lucky pupil. All except Dorothy. She knew, and numb with disappointment, she sat, quiet and thoughtful, till suddenly she was roused by the principal's voice.

"The scholarship has been awarded to Dorothy Mason."

Dorothy felt dazed. She stared at the principal in bewilderment. What did he

mean? Was it all a mistake? What was he saying now?

"Another pupil received a higher mark, and to her the prize would have gone; but this morning the janitor found a paper which proved conclusively that she had cheated. When we questioned the student, she confessed. She was, of course, eliminated."

That afternoon Dorothy walked slowly down the school steps. She was reviewing in her mind the events of the day. How much had happened, and how very happy she was—happy not only because she had won the scholarship but because she had kept faith with herself!

## THE STATE VS. SLIM JOHNSON

By Vera Russell

JUDGE COLLINS bent his stern gaze upon the courtroom. "The prisoner will rise and face the jury," he declared.

Slowly Slim arose and turned his weary face towards the twelve men. A hopeful look lurked in his eyes; he waited breathlessly for Foreman McNere to speak. The foreman arose, cleared his throat, and began. The crowd waited with drawn breath.

"We find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree."

The jury filed out. The crowd, led by wildly excited newspapermen poured out of the courtroom. Still Slim stood gazing blankly at the judge.

"Remove the prisoner," commanded the judge, and Slim marched apathetically from the room. His thoughts were hazy, discordant as if he had received a death blow to all his hopes and ambitions. He gazed out of the window at the barren landscape. Autumn, he thought, and then winter. When the snow comes I shall be in the death house.

\* \* \* \*

The snow was falling swiftly, noiselessly into the drifted streets; the wind was blowing a terrific gale. Inside the prison the air was warm and dry, but as Slim gazed wearily about the death chamber he would have given his soul to be in the outside world.

Back and forth he paced thinking—thinking what had happened to him when Ralph Diamond was killed. If only he hadn't quarreled with him the day before. He remembered starting for Ralph's that eventful night, climbing the stairs to his apartment, but that was all. The next thing he remembered was opening his eyes within Ralph's apartment, and his horror when he beheld Ralph's dead body lying beside him on the floor. He recalled how he had staggered to his feet, and had stumbled over a gun. He had picked up the gun and stared bewildered at it. Then he heard the trample of running feet upon the staircase. The police had arrived.

He had been sentenced to be electrocuted December the thirteenth.

Suddenly he heard footsteps coming down

the passage. The key grated in the lock. The door swung open and he began to march with the officers to his end. Great beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead; his feet seemed to drag, singing "Swing Low Sweet Chariot." The chaplain started chanting the Rosary. Still he stumbled on and on.

In the warden's office a group was gathered, waiting for him to go with them to perform his duty. The telephone at his side rang shrilly through the room. The warden with his hand on the door knob turned back with an exclamation of disgust.

"Hello, yes, this is Warden Jasper. What! No, it's not too late.

"Boys," he shouted, "Mike Ricardi was shot badly in a gang fight. He's dying at Mercy Hospital. He confessed to killing Ralph Diamond. He said he saw Johnson coming up the stairs, and slugged him with his gun. Then he dragged him into the apartment. Slim's innocent, boys."

Outside the snow still fell into the drifted streets, but now Slim gazed from the window in the warden's office. "I'll be free tomorrow," he thought, "free! free!"

## ON BEING LATE TO SCHOOL

By Catherine Donna

ONE experience which surely most of you have had is that of being—well, almost late to school. This thrill is not yours intentionally. On the contrary, for some strange reason, you seem somewhat averse to arriving in your classroom at any time after eighty-thirty—particularly if your teacher is one who will gaze at you with reproachful eyes as if to say, "Is this all you think of me? Why I thought you *always* got to school on time."

If your teacher is this type, you take great pains not to meet her eyes, but slink hastily to your seat and begin to peruse your Latin most assiduously after first dropping a book or two to let her know you forgive her. Unfortunately, however, most teachers are not of this type. You are not half-inside the door before they snap out: "Go get a slip!" and you are subjected to the indignity of carrying out the order. If you would like to know how this all came about, let me transport you back about an hour and a half and you will see just what did occur . . .

It is a beautiful spring morning. Birds twitter and tweet outside. They have been awake for hours, but you lie abed like any

other sluggard and peacefully emit raucous snores. It is now exactly six-forty-five. Your mother, knowing your propensity for wasting the early hours in sleep, enters your chamber where you lie wrapt in sweet slumber and says, "Catherine!" or whatever your name happens to be. You do not stir. "Catherine!!" she says again—this time with two exclamation points. No response. Mother gets indignant. She catches hold of your shoulder and moves it horizontally back and forth at the same time ejaculating "Catherine." Suddenly it dawns on your sleepy and befuddled brain that someone is calling you. "W-what?" you inquire.

"It's ten minutes of seven," you hear somewhat dimly. "Do you hear me? All right then; heed me."

The footsteps die away . . .

It is somewhat later. You have not moved. You have totally forgotten that you must get up. You slumber on. Then once more, this time from the foot of the stairs, is heard a shrill—"It's seventeen minutes after seven . . nineteen minutes after seven. Catherine!" Though rather indignant that your rest should be thus disturbed, you nevertheless



## —HYPHEN—

By Isabelle Sayles

*March is the hyphen 'twixt winter and  
spring,  
The bridge between hither and yon.  
March is the gate where the wild fairies  
swing,  
Blowing their trumpets at dawn.*

*March is the promise the crocus fulfills,  
The path of the robin's return.  
March is the stepping stone over the hills  
Where April lies curled in a fern.*

manage to drag yourself from bed and start to prepare for school. You fritter away your time quite gaily now, singing, or trying to sing, snatches of "Cosi Cosa" or cheerfully whistling "The Blue Danube". You have spent a good deal of time doing nothing, more or less, and have got clean, dressed, have

combed your snarly locks, and have prayed "God bless the P. G.'s." when you discover that it is five of eight. O tempora! O mores! O heck! Now you'll have to swallow your breakfast and bolt for school. Having eaten said breakfast with marvelous celerity, you dash upstairs to brush your teeth. You descend by rail (the bannister) and hurl yourself into your coat, which your mother has in readiness along with your lunch, your six books, and a handkerchief. You bid your parents a fond adieu and join your comrades, who greet you with a scowl and an "About time." Then with rapid strides, you set forth, running only when no one is looking. Soon P. H. S. comes in sight, and if you are lucky and your locker sticks only three times and you don't drop a book full of papers, you may get inside your classroom for once in your life before eight-thirty!

## ADOPT A HOBBY

By Richard F. Lacatell

PRACTICALLY every person of high school age has long since learned to enjoy himself in a crowd; a comparative few are more contented when alone than with companions. What is one to do, however, when the "gang" cannot be found and when one cannot go to his club? Such a time must come occasionally to everyone. The answer to what may seem a difficult question is, "Adopt a hobby."

In my opinion a hobby is a subject that serves to divert one's attention from the cares of the day to pleasant thought and occupation and a plan to put leisure time to good use. It is a pastime for which one is willing to sacrifice that leisure time and, perhaps, a little labor and money. It does not matter what the favorite pursuit may be. There are many different ones from which to choose. Read-

ing, if it is a systematic plan to get the best from the subject, may be classified as a hobby and is the chief diversion of many. Writing is another. Many well-known works have been done for the sole purpose of seeking relaxation and an outlet for surplus energy. From these subjects, which usually interest the quieter person and the class that is less active physically, one may pass down the line to those that are for people who enjoy working with their hands. The construction of model ships and planes is a good example. The man who can create an accurate replica of the intricate details of a ship is to be admired. Whether or not he can read and write, he has an ability that most of us lack. At any rate, it is true that tastes in hobbies differ. A person may derive the same pleasure from

writing poetry that the ship-builder derives from his occupation.

It is well to have a hobby or two, but keeping the given definition of one in mind, I find it difficult to believe the person who claims as his own, five or six different hobbies. Ridiculous as it sounds, this has been done. It is possible to make such a claim only if one considers the habit of collecting advertising pencils a favorite pastime, and if fastening ready-made wings by means of elastic bands to a ready-made body constitutes model plane building.

Before adopting a hobby, it is well to see if its requirements can be met by what one has to offer in time, labor, and money. Stamp-collecting has interested so many people that it is called, "The King of Hobbies." The only objection to it seems to be the cost of keeping a collection up-to-date. Time was when a person who bought only a single copy of a stamp was still considered a "collector." Now the subject is "Philately" and one must purchase a block of four stamps of every issue to be called a "philatelist." It is especially hard on the impecunious fan, since the Postmaster-general seems intent on making his department a money-making proposition instead of an annual deficit. He needs only to issue a series of stamps at the slightest excuse and it will be taken up by the ardent philatelists. There are a number of other hobbies to choose from, so take time to consider them all.

The slogan, "Adopt a hobby," has been repeated several times. Of course it is not possible to dip blindly into a hat, come up with a slip of paper, and say, "This will be my chief diversion." It must be something that comes from within a person, some line in which he is interested and for which he has an aptitude. When he has found his hobby, he will, in the words of the Bible, "forsake all others and cleave only" to it.

## DILEMMA

By Alice Piccini

*I've worked out puzzles by the score  
And I've solved riddles, what is more;  
In "math" I know of what I speak,  
And pass each test in French or Greek.*

*But the English language has me beat  
Because each rule that I repeat  
Has always at its closing kept  
The little word pronounced "except"!*

*Each exception I must know,  
And rules like these upset me so  
That when I've done my lesson through,  
My brow is icy, cold, and blue!*

*This fact makes me fume and fret;  
"Live" and "give" are twins, and yet,  
Though the past of "live" is "lived"  
The past of "give" was never "gived"!*

*Words like "reign" and "neigh" and  
"ski"  
Are never spelled as they should be;  
And I can't for the life of me,  
See why "Phoenix" starts out with a P!*

*My inability disturbs  
When it comes to parsing verbs.  
I sit and wonder why such things  
Should make my one, small brain take  
wings!*

## BURLINGTON!

Pittsfield won its opening round game in the New England Tourney at the expense of the De LaSalle High, Newport, R. I. The Purple led all the way and the final count was 36-25. Jake Barnini led the scoring, while John Foley and Buddy Evans held the Rhode Island forwards in check.

In the second round game, the Purple was beaten by Portland High, 32-24. Pittsfield led at the half, 13-10, but after the removal of Foley and Evans, because of four personal fouls, the Maine men forged ahead and won the right to the finals with Meridan, the defending champions.

After a close, overtime game Meridan captured the trophy for the second time.



## HOWARD'S DECISION

By Elizabeth Armstrong

HOWARD BENNETT, as he stood within the dimly lighted library of his attractive home, gazed anxiously at his mother. "He isn't at home, Howard," she said.

His retort was sharp.

"Not home, eh? Fine tailor he is! Sends me the wrong pants and just on the most important occasion of my life. Rosalind is very likely to go to the Frat dance with me walking around tripping on pants that are about ten inches too long. What does he think I am—a walking ten-foot pole? Why does this have to happen to ME—Why?"

His mother sighed deeply.

"There you go again, Howard, losing your temper over such a trifle. The fraternity dance isn't until tomorrow evening, and you'll have the entire day to exchange your pants."

"But mon, you don't understand. He's probably sold my pants to some other guy by mistake, and I won't have time for another fitting an' wait for them to be made."

Mrs. Bennett sank into a chair, deep in thought. Finally she spoke.

"If you wish, I'll shorten the pants you have, and you can return these provided that you decide not to keep them." The boy was at her feet in an instant.

"Great! I'll be all set now—"

"Of course," she interrupted doubtfully, "my sewing most assuredly won't compare with the excellent work of the tailor, but I'll do my best."

It was the following day. Howard's mother was not at home when he returned from school. Having anxiously sought for his pants, he discovered to his dismay that they had not been shortened. His thoughts then turned toward his grandmother, and having repeated his sad tale to her, he pleadingly asked if she would oblige him by shortening them.

"Well," she replied doubtfully, "I must attend the Ladies' Aid meeting in about a half-hour, but I'd be glad to do it for you, Howard, when I return."

But he decided that he couldn't wait that long. His sister Lucille was out of the question also, since he had gained her utmost hatred in one of their recent disagreements. However, he thought she might forgive him just this once, or forget her feelings until the pants were shortened, but no such luck! She wouldn't even listen to him and accused him so fiercely that he hastened from the room like a fugitive. He wasn't such an excellent hand at sewing himself or he would have undertaken the job. But the ruination of the pants would only be a far worse predicament; consequently, he firmly set out for Bob Cameron's in search of his chum to test his knowledge of sewing.

Not long after his departure from the house, Lucille decided that this was the chance she had been waiting for to "get even" and taking the pants from Howard's room, she shortened them fifteen inches.

"I'll shorten them," she mused, "if that's what he wants, only I'll make sure they're good and short, so he can be nice and cool while he's dancing with his sweet Rosalind. Oh well, I'm satisfied now. I've been waiting for this chance a long time."

She cut off fifteen inches and replaced the pants on his bed.

Soon after, Mrs. Bennett returned from her prolonged shopping tour and hastily prepared to shorten Howard's pants.

"Let me see; I think about four inches will do nicely," she decided, and cut four inches from the pants, neatly stitched them on the machine, and deciding they looked a bit wrinkled, she pressed them carefully and re-

(Continued on page 22)

## RADICALISM VERSUS ART

By Kempton G. Wing

UNFORTUNATELY the whole world is going modern,—ironically modern,—for this term, which should symbolize progress in general, represents an advance only in the line of industry. The clanging of steel, the hissing of steam, and the scream of the factory whistle have been making an indelible impression upon the human brain, until now the sacred realms of Art,—music in particular,—have been made to reflect in unholy dissonance the mechanical trend of man's existence. Our very recreation, which strangely enough is intended to draw us as far as possible from our daily routine, has become characteristic of that which we should be trying to escape. The great composers Beethoven, Schubert, and Haydn have been cast aside; and in their places we have substituted the dime novel of music,—jazz. Is the American public becoming so mentally deficient and so morally inconsistent that, whereas it spurns literature which does not attain to a certain well-set standard, it allows the same vulgarity to be placed in music and then regards as behind the times those who object?

Perhaps the defense is offered that the true appreciation of the conservative symphonies and chamber music is reserved for a certain group of select individuals. The fact is, however, that very little effort in the form of conscientious attention to the classics will succeed in raising one to this elevated rank. It is true that there are some who are unable to understand good harmony, but it is equally certain that these people fail to obtain actual pleasure from modernism. Lest I be charged with making rash statements, I present that one has yet to see a season's series of full-length concerts in which an audience will tolerate jazz alone. Even when the so-called "bizarre type" of symphony is added to the

## PINES OF THE FOREST

By Salvatore Scialabba '38

"Whispering pines of the forest,  
Throughout the livelong day  
We can hear you murmuring.  
What do your voices say?"

"In winter we sing of the flowers  
Which made the summer bright;  
Their mellow fragrance lingers  
While they are out of sight.

"In summer we dream of the snow  
wreaths  
Which weighed our branches down,  
And gleamed in the silver moonlight  
Like a bride in her snow-white gown."

program, the applause may be attributed solely to a few radicals, those who fear being called backward, and, of course, that group which the over-zealous composer or conductor may have presented with complimentary tickets. Surely we cannot allow the presumption that this is entertainment worthy of our devotion.

This latter phase of musical development, illustrated by Igor Stravinsky's "Fireworks" and Alexander Scriabin's "Prometheus", is by far the lesser of the two evils since a few points may be presented in its favor. In the first place, it does not represent obscenity of thought on the part of the originator. Secondly, it succeeds in conveying the desired mental visions to the auditor, and as a result, has been called by many critics a form of tone picture; and thirdly, the orchestration, which is for a standard symphony, is such as to render the best effects possible under the circumstances.

(Continued on Page 27)



## In Memoriam

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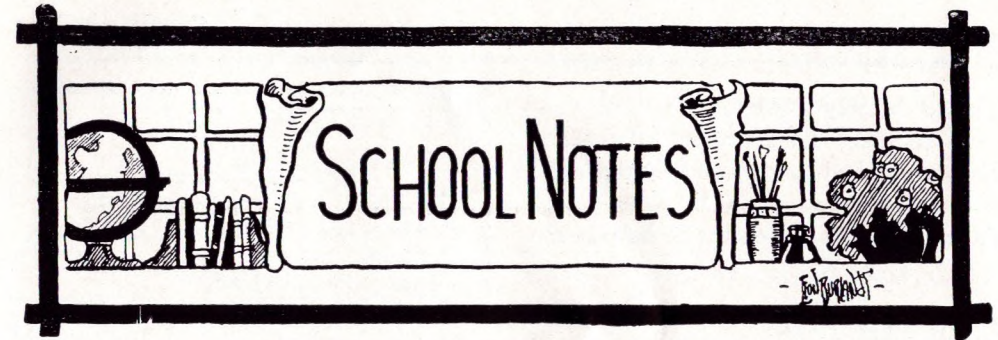
Jeannette Walger===June, 1936  
1917—1936

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Allen Hinkle===June, 1938  
1919—1936

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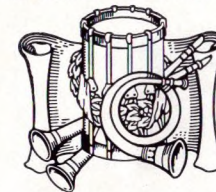
"God calls His loved ones,  
But we lose not wholly  
What He hath given;  
They live on earth, in thought and deed,  
As truly as in His heaven"



ROBERT JACOB, Editor

BENJAMIN SAMEL

### LETTERS GIVEN OUT



A short time ago about thirty members of the orchestra, and about twenty members of the band who had served a year in either organization were presented letters. However, no distinction was made between band and orchestra letters, and it has been suggested that letters of a different type be given to each club in the future.

### DR. GABLE SPEAKS

The assembly of February 19 was one of the best of the season. Dr. Luther S. Gable, one of America's foremost authorities on the subject of radium, proved to be amazingly interesting. He mixed the seriousness of his talk with just enough humor to make it extremely enjoyable. His address was not filled with long technical language which the average high school student can not understand.

He mentioned many interesting events in the lives of the pioneers of this branch of science. He told of the trials of the late Mme. Curie, who, incidentally, gave her life to the study of radium, and of leading men in this comparatively new field. He also spoke of Roentgen, Douane, and Blackwell who experi-

mented in the field of the X-ray which, by the way, led to the discovery of radium.

He told of the amazing work of the men who, daily, are giving their lives for science in the mysterious laboratory and mines in the Canadian Northwest, procuring a new supply of radium.

"When radium is eventually controlled," Dr. Gable stated, "it will actually run all our machines; it will furnish all electricity; it will cure diseases that up to now have been incurable; in effect, it will revolutionize the world. I predict this revolution in the very near future."

In those words Dr. Gable summed up the future value of radium. We should bow our heads in tribute to the brave men and women who have given their lives and to those who will continue to give them until this powerful substance is brought under control.

### HOLYOKE RALLY

On March fourth a large number of students attended a rally, which took place during the lunch hours, for the benefit of the Holyoke High-Pittsfield High basketball game.

Perhaps this barbarous screeching really helped the team to return victorious. Perhaps it scared them so they were afraid to return without another victory. At any rate, they won one of the finest games of the season.



## TEAM MISSES CAPTAIN

In the recent Holyoke basketball game, the players remarked they missed their captain,—not because he wasn't in the game, but because he was so well covered by Bob Cusson.

## CLASS ELECTIONS

The organized classes have chosen the following officers for the coming semester:

## Senior A

President—William Evans  
Vice President—George Dominick  
Secretary—Lorraine Millet  
Treasurer—Margaret Hennelly

## Senior B

President—John Retallick  
Vice President—William Evans  
Secretary—Ruth McWilliams  
Treasurer—Yolando Andernello

## Junior A

President—Leonard Kohlhofer  
Vice President—Howard Gleason  
Secretary—Marion Roberts  
Treasurer—Betty Horton

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

January 3: The Senior A class presented "The Charm School" which proved to be very entertaining.

January 9: Cleveland P. Grant addressed the high school and showed pictures of "Birds on Parade." This was the third of a series of lectures.

January 17: The mid-year prom, sponsored by the Junior A class, proved a success. A large crowd attended and danced to the music of Don Retallick's orchestra.

January 13: The faculty defeated the senior A basketball team.

January 21: 'Twas a busy day for the seniors. Because school was closed the day before, the seniors had to crowd class day exercises and graduation into one day.

## RELIGIOUS

By Claire Robichaud

*Oft' times I pray with funny words;  
Perhaps I ain't religious.  
But when I say a prayer,  
I sorta feel inside of me  
That God is always there.*

*Perhaps I don't exactly  
Know the right words to say,  
But I'm real sure God understands  
When I just try to pray.*

*I guess God's always list'ning  
'Cause His own Son you see,  
Was once a little boy—  
A little tike like me.*

*So maybe funny words don't matter  
If God gets into my heart,  
I'm pretty sure He likes to hear  
And takes a feller's part.*

January 22: Graduating class had banquet at the Hotel Wendell.

February 12: Another in the series of Tea Dances sponsored by the dancing class.

February 17: Mr. Alexander, a native of India, spoke on "The Youth of India." His talk proved both entertaining and educational.

March 4: Pittsfield High defeated Holyoke High in most important basketball game of the season.

## COUNTY DEBATE

For the annual county debate which will be held about April first, the following teams have been selected:

The Affirmative team will be: Captain, Daniel Secunda; Donald Harrington, Seymour Kolman, and Sophia Pomerantz. The negative team will be composed of Captain, Armand Feigenbaum; Hugh Chittenden, Daniel MacDonald, and Edward Gebauer.

## THE SYSTEM BEHIND THE LOCKERS

By Armand V. Feigenbaum and Leonard Kohlhofer

A WORD picture of a locker scene at 8.25: bang, crash, boom, screeches of humanity crushing humanity in a mad fight for that extra minute. Lockers are slammed, locks are left open, personal property is left unprotected, and in general, a carefully planned locker system is disrupted through undue haste and thoughtlessness. We push and scramble and wonder why we are tardy and why the office reprimands us.

The only possible solution to the locker problem rests on the students themselves, complying with the simple rules that have been put forth. What are these rules? First and most important: Be sure you know how to close and lock your locker properly and do so at all times. The office is doing all it can possibly do; Mr. Strout has appointed student inspectors to go through the eight sections, report all improperly locked lockers, and remove unfastened locks. Daily, lock after lock, product of unnecessary carelessness is brought into the office and is returned to the owners. People leaving their locks open are inviting theft of their belongings and indicate they do not care to protect them.

Secondly, because there are so many corridor lockers—1911 to be exact—space is limited; therefore, unless the following rule is followed, there will be much congestion. When your section, A or B as it may be, comes out first, make an effort to get out of the narrow locker space in time for the other division.

Thirdly, lockers should be kept clean. As far as the care of the lockers goes, we should really make an effort to keep that which has been loaned to us for a short time, in the best possible shape.

Have we ever stopped to think of the real work involved in keeping such a complicated system of lockers in order? There are no less than four complicated files pertaining to lockers: first, a file according to names; second, a file of locker numbers; third, a file of tags; and last, a file of lock numbers. Every time a lock is lost, changed, given out, and returned, the complete file of it is changed accordingly.

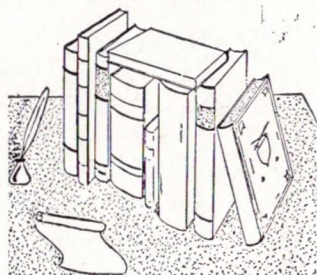
It is vital that locks and lockers should be exactly according to the office records, and frequent inspections are made to see that persons are not changing either locks or lockers for some reason of their own. Any difficulty with lock or locker, should be reported to the section supervisor or directly to the office.

Day in and day out, janitors, section superintendents, student patrolmen, office help, Miss Parker, Mr. Ford, Mr. Strout, all have to give much of their valuable time to this system. Yet, most of this time is given to remedy student's faults under this system, to saving locks, for which much would have to be paid, and to saving belongings and books.

When a person is given his lock, does he fully appreciate what is being done for him? Instead of blaming the section supervisor, if there is trouble, he should blame himself.

We should show our appreciation of what they are doing for us by locking our lockers, keeping them clean, getting out of the narrow locker space as soon as possible, to lighten their tasks. Next time, when we go to the office about a missing lock, let's blame ourselves; but, better still, let's not lose our locks. Let's help those who are helping us. It pays.





## Books on Parade

By Fred Stebbins

**THE Hurricane**, by Nordhoff and Hall: Again the authors have brought forth a masterpiece of the South Sea Islands. This time, we live through the mighty throes of a hurricane when it strikes the peaceful little isle of Manukura, with its one hundred and fifty souls living there in native simplicity. Reduced in two days time from the most fruitful island of the group to a desolate spot of wind-swept coral with only fifteen of the inhabitants alive, Manukura presents a spectacle that might easily be duplicated in the South Seas at any time. Not a dull moment in the book—it holds undivided interest from cover to cover.

**The Luck of the Bodkins**, by P. G. Wodehouse: In this rollicking tale of the mix-ups and the straightening-outs that took place on one six day crossing between Southampton and New York, Mr. Wodehouse introduces to his readers a new character, Albert Peasemarch, "steamship steward extraordinary." Another no less colorful personage whom we meet on the boat trip is Mr. Ivor Llewellyn, high chief of the Superba-Llewellyn Motion Picture Corporation, who thought that Ambrose Tennyson, whom he had just hired as a scenario writer, was the Tennyson who had written, "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck!" Crazy, delirious, but delightful, it makes excellent reading.

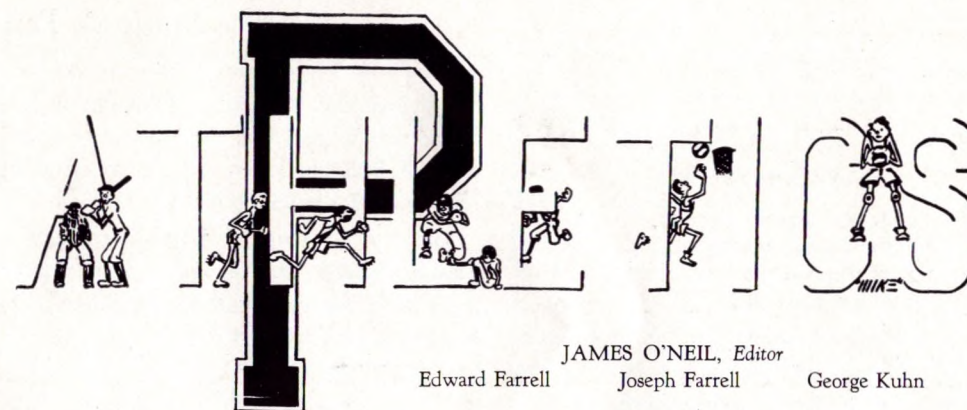
**Stars and Telescopes**, by James Stockley: here is a book that brings the layman strictly

up to date on that most interesting study—astronomy. Presenting chapters illuminating every side of the subject from the difficulties in making the mirror for the huge two-hundred inch telescope to the different theories concerning planet life in the universe, it seems to be the most modern book on the subject that would be of interest to all. Mr. Stockley is no amateur either, being at present director of the Fels Planetarium in Philadelphia. A thoroughly interesting book.

**Saint Overboard**, by Leslie Charteris: Probably most of you have read in the magazines some of the exciting tales of Simon Templar, better known as the "Saint". That in itself should be enough to insure your reading this full length novel of our elusive friend. It is a story as full of romance, death, and mystery as the sea itself, recounting the adventures of the Saint as he uncovers the most daring of rackets—that of looting sunken treasure vessels before the authorized salvage companies begin work. Well worth reading—a very excellent product from Mr. Charteris' pen.

**Learn to Ski!** by Hermann Bautzmann: There have been published lately a great many books on skiing. Most of them will give the beginner as well as the more advanced skier many helpful hints. *Learn to Ski!*

(Continued on Page 25)



### BASKETBALL

Adams . . . the first obstacle on the road to Burlington! Always a hard game, we eked out a 17-15 victory. Next victim for the league champion Purple and White hoopsters was Dalton . . . An easy game 31-12 . . . The Alumni fell next before our snappy quintet. Score, 32-22 . . . One of the hardest games of the year came next . . . Bennington was favored to cop the title . . . They were downed, 30-20 . . . Then the only blot on the record . . . Tired after the gruelling Bennington game, the team lost a close game to the Boys' Club Varsity, 29-21 . . . Now a journey to North Adams, and St. Joseph's was taken in stride, 37-10 . . . Another county victory was recorded at Williamstown's expense . . . 48-10 . . . Jake Barnini leading the Pittsfield scoring.

Now one game towards the city title . . . St. Joseph's lost a close one 28-22 . . . It was one of the thrillers of the season.

To complete the first half without a loss, the Purple and White humbled a fighting Drury team 31-27 . . . Revenge is sweet. . . . Playing the Boy's Club in the gym the boys made up for the lone defeat at the hands of the Club team and turned them back, 33-16. Next St. Joseph's of North Adams was taken into camp for the second time to the tune of 34-9 . . . Captain Bob Cusson had another big night.

Lenox was next to bow to the Pittsfield five, losing 38-27. In the next game a new high in scoring was set by the Purple and White . . . Williamstown was set back, 60-17. Bob Cusson, league leading scorer, again paced his teammates to victory.

Next Drury received its second setback of the year by a score of 31-22 . . . The 28-13 win over Adams put Pittsfield a step nearer the title.

Making it twelve straight wins and coping the title, P. H. S. turned back Dalton 35-23.

The most thrilling game of the season was the play-off with Holyoke . . . Two overtime periods were necessary to decide the victor . . . Jake Barnini and Al Polidoro looped the baskets which provided the margin of victory for the Purple and White . . . 28-24 . . . Jake Barnini was outstanding for Pittsfield, while Bob Cusson was held in check by Al Grenest . . . This game gave Pittsfield a bid to the New England tournament . . . So on then to Burlington! (See page 11).

### HOCKEY

Hampered by the lack of practice, due to the fact that no adequate rink was provided, the Purple and White puckmen have had a very mediocre season. Thus far the boys have won two games and dropped three. They were twice victorious over the



## I WAS JUS GONNA DO IT

By Betty Mitchell

They calls me Lazy Jo, they do,  
I'm sure I don't see why;  
I allus get there jus the same,  
Tho others pass me by.

Ho hum, they don't appreshiate  
This life as I've been thru it,  
For, after all, I've done great work—  
Or—was just gonna do it.

My mind is marvelous, it is,  
And never, never shirks;  
While I sits in my easy chair  
It works  
and works  
and works.

I know jus where the music goes,  
And long ago I knew it,  
You ask why I ain't writ the song?  
I was jus gonna do it.

I'm really some mechanic, too;  
You should see my inventions!  
Afraid you can't tho, 'cause right now  
They're only jus intentions.

My teachers seem to overlook  
The way that I "go to it";  
They scold me when I've done great work—  
Or—was jus gonna do it.

Country Club Juniors, but lost two to the Lenox School team. The other game was lost to the Great Barrington Semi-Pros.

This lack of practice was especially noticeable in the games against Lenox, in which Pittsfield was beaten 5-1; 7-0. The boys were slow getting started, and the passing was very poor.

In each game with the Country Club Juniors, P. H. S. turned back its opponents easily,—in the first game by a score of 6-3, and in the second 5-0. Bill Johnson and goalie Warren Hine turned in the best performances for Pittsfield in these encounters.

Against the Barrington puckmen a hot battle was waged, but the boys were nosed out 3-2. Bill Johnson was again outstanding for Pittsfield, scoring both goals.

Led by Captain Al Grieve and Coach Charles Knight, the team has done exceedingly well considering the weather and the few practices they have had.

## BOXING

Lovers of the manly art of self-defense have grown to such a number in Pittsfield High that a class in boxing has been formed. Irv. Ruben '35 is directing the group of young leather-pushers and much headway is being made. Ruben holds the lightweight championship at North Carolina State and has had considerable experience. There are about 20 boys in the group and several bouts are being planned for the coming gym exhibition.

## WITH THE ALUMNI

Russell G. Burghardt '33, received honors for the first marking period in the College of Arts and Sciences at Johns Hopkins University.

Nelson A. Foot, Jr. '31, a student at Union College, is one of thirty students on the Dean's list for high scholarships for the second marking period. Nelson is working for a Bachelor of Arts degree.

William G. Giesker, Jr. '33, R. P. I., Phi Mu Delta, has entered the Eastern Indoor Tennis Championship Tournament at New York City.

Frederick S. Hagyard '33, is a member of the radio club at R. P. I. He is a student in electrical engineering and a member of Alpha Tau Omega.

Dudley Head '34, is planning on entering Dartmouth College in the fall. Dudley has been starring in football and hockey at Taft School.

## GIRL'S SPORTS

Mary McMahon and Mary Atkinson, Editors  
Dorothy Stead and Elizabeth Purdy, Assistants

HELEN ROARK, one of P. H. S.'s best swimmers and holder of the Junior national title in the 220-yard free style championship, was entered in the New England Senior 220-yard free style championship which was held Friday the 27th at Brookline. This was Helen's first attempt at the senior national title. Although she did not take over Alice Bridges, the present holder of the title, Helen captured third place. This showing was excellent, considering her experienced competitors. Better luck next year, Helen.

LOYDANN PERRY, a February graduate of P. H. S. and former captain of the Girls' Swimming team, also entered the New England meet. She took part in the fancy diving event held at the Brookline pool the 27th. In this event eleven dives had to be executed. Loyd-ann made a very creditable showing and captured third place.

BEWARE OF FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH. So goes an old saying, but our mermaids can just snap their fingers at such nonsense, for they emerged from a meet against St. Joseph's held on that ominous day and date in December with first place in every event except one. The twenty-five yard backstroke, won by Lucille Bergain, was the only event in which they were defeated. Had Mary Capeless of St. Joseph's been in the swim the score of 46 to 15 might have been different, for she might have added 15 or 20 points for St. Joseph's. Although the Pittsfield High team is composed of practically all new swimmers, they came through with flying colors and we're all proud of them. You've convinced us, girls; we've put all our pet superstitions away in mothballs. To prove it we'll walk under the next ladder we see.

ALTHOUGH THE BOYS of P. H. S. have an enviable record in basketball, their less publicized sisters refuse to allow themselves to be utterly submerged by the male's glory. After the practice bouts of the first tournament, the various teams settled down in earnest. The seniors, few but mighty, finally carried off honors, but not without a severe struggle with the aspiring juniors and sophomores.

THE AMBITIOUS HOOPSTERS of the Sophomore class are now being trained under the capable guidance of Miss Ward in the elements of basketball. Very few of the girls have played before, but there is an unusual number of "naturals" in the squad.

THE SENIORS are out for another championship team, but the juniors proved to be a serious threat when they were only sophomores; and if, according to rules, they improve with time—well, it means that the haughty ones had better watch their step.

THE LASSIES who frequent the bowling alleys have run up scores that are amazing even to their instructors. Honors for high singles are evenly distributed between Ruth Backus and Gertrude Thieboda, who both attained the score of 99. Lorraine Dowd threatens with a 93 which is not to be sneezed at, to be sure. Other runners-up are Marguerite Smith, Elinor Shill, and Jeanette Forkey.

THE FIRST SOCIAL DANCING CLASS for the sophomores was held February 28. The class was well attended, with girls in the majority. We meant to ask if the girls followed leap year traditions and asked the boys to dance, but it slipped our minds. Could anyone enlighten us?



## HOWARD'S DECISION

(Continued from page 12)

placed them on his bed, extremely pleased with her work.

Howard's request to his grandmother compelled her to excuse herself early from the meeting. She hurried home, found the pants with little difficulty, and repaired them by the same method Mrs. Bennett had used. She then laid them on the bed and departed into the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Having encountered no better success at Bob's than at home, Howard entered the house sullenly, after a vain search for a "sewer" among the boys. At the sound of his footsteps on the stairs, his grandmother called out to him that his pants were ready and that he should hurry. Howard could have hugged her for that, but he was so radiantly happy and fearful lest he should be late that he dashed up the stairs for a cold shower and to dress for the dance. As he hurried past his mother's room, she addressed him anxiously.

"Howard, dear, hurry and dress, or you will be late. I fixed your pants for you and pressed them—they are on your bed. I'm sure they will look well on you; hurry, now."

Howard was overcome with fear. He felt queerly weak at the knees.

"My pants,—what have they done to my pants," he gasped. He was soon to discover. Slowly entering the room, he observed the pants on the bed and snatching them up to himself in measurement, he felt the room encircle him in a humming swirl—darkness—darkness—and then the light appeared. He was grasping the arms of the chair tightly, and moving his body about restlessly;—he was in—in—yes, of course, he was in his own library, and found himself rubbing his eyes perplexedly.

"Well, that is a lesson to me, and what a lesson! It was merely a dream—I have been asleep, I know. Still, it's a warning; probably doesn't mean much, but I'll see the TAILOR in the morning about shortening these pants." He arose, stretched, and walked determinedly from the room.

## WITH THE ALUMNI

Clara Kibby '36, represented the Syracuse University Outing Club at the annual Winter Carnival of Middlebury College.

Robert W. McRell '35, a freshman at Syracuse University was recently pledged to Sigma Nu.

John Prodgers '35, who starred on the Riverdale School football eleven, is now performing brilliantly on the basketball quintet at that school.

Frank T. Wetstein is an honor student in Economics at Dartmouth College. Frank is now in his Senior year.

Joseph Woitkoski '32, who played brilliantly on Fordham University's powerful football team, is now seeking a permanent position on the baseball nine.

Beatrice Bouley '35 Newark Hospital

Winston Boudrow '35 Yale School of Music

Mary Collins '35 Barnard College

Marilyn R. Cooney '35 Smith College

Thomas Enright '35 Mass. State College

Sybil Fish '35 House of Mercy

Margaret Flynn '35 St. Rose's

Eugene Formel '35 House of Mercy

Harry Francis '35

Massachusetts State College

Barbara Gamwell '35 Wellesley College

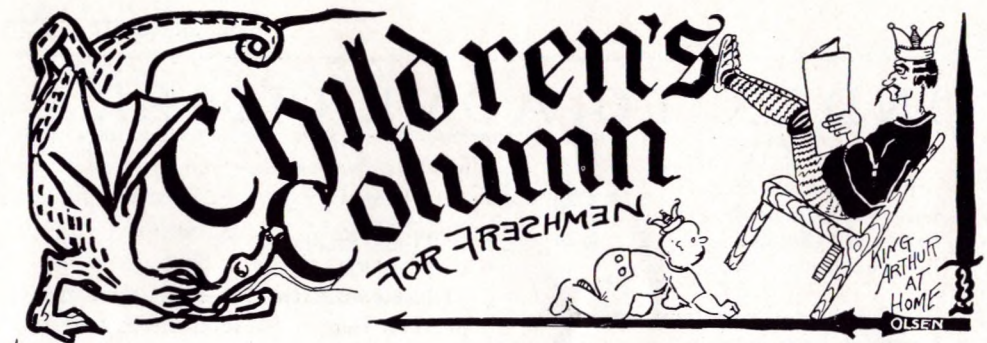
Ulia Garbowit '35

Massachusetts Memorial College

Monroe Harawitz '35

University of Alabama

Margaret Hawley '35 Western College



Carrying out the instructions of Rebecca Schreek, we will say nothing about the junior who's on her trail.

wwwwww

Couch: "I am a butterfly! I am a butterfly!"

Miss Kaliher: "Well, you butterfly out of here!"

N. B. (We are glad to see that Couch is so honest).

wwwwww

Our curiosity leads us to ask how the "Beef Club" is coming along. Our mistake; we should have said "Rams Club."

wwwwww

What happened when Scharmann and Nelson put their heads together under the X-Ray apparatus on the third floor?

wwwwww

The conceit of some people!

Stebbins: "I don't like women. They're not worthy of me."

wwwwww

Farrell snores!!! We found it out when he fell asleep in Spanish class.

wwwwww

The agreement was that if the song, "The Lady in Blue", was translated into Spanish, Miss Daly would give us a solo. We are still waiting, Miss Daly.

wwwwww

Gilmartin (bluffing it in Spanish class): "Well—ah well"

Miss Daly: "Didn't you hear Miss Broderick whisper the answer? I did."

P. H. S. is getting to look like a Fascist club. We've seen a couple of black shirts and now every turn we take Stan Scott's red shirt hits us in the eye.

wwwwww

"Look—that fence is all full of holes!"

"They are knot-holes."

"Well, they certainly look like them to me."

wwwwww

Couch did his first hard work. He scrubbed a spot of ink off Miss Kaliher's floor.

wwwwww

Be careful of "Boots" Boothman. He intends being an undertaker and may be looking for business.

wwwwww

To whom did Mr. Stewart give the valentine that was given to him to deliver by "Bud" Evans?

wwwwww

And speaking of Valentines we hear Supranowitz delivered one to Mr. Davison.

wwwwww

Why did Griffin have a certain urge to drop physics?

wwwwww

Why can't anyone tell us what Subidium is?

wwwwww

Why was Couch giving a certain young gentleman a ride up and down the street?

(Continued on page 29)



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## BOOKS ON PARADE

(Continued from Page 18)

can be rated as a very good book on this subject. It gives a very concise and practical method that even a beginner can understand and apply for learning the simple and advanced turns. It is no text book on skiing, containing no history, but contents itself with instructions as to the care of clothing and skis, and the technique of turns and downhill running.

*The Last Puritan*, by George Santayana: Here a great essayist, poet, and philosopher tries, with success, writing that more popular type of reading, the novel. Not so much a novel as a remarkable piece of literature, it is an absorbing story from beginning to end. Beautifully written—well worth the time it takes to read it. A national best seller.

The editor of this column wishes to thank The Open Book Shop for the great help that they have been in supplying the books that were reviewed in this issue.

PALACE  
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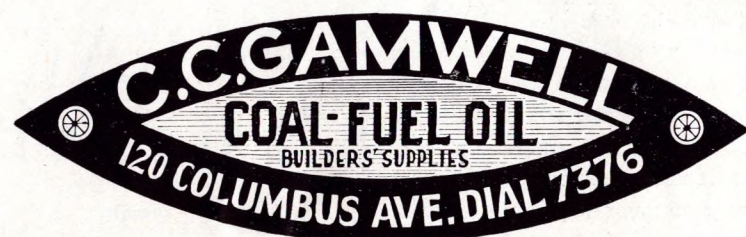
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It Pays to Look Well

**EXPERT BARBERING**

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WOODLAWN  
A V E N U E

## RADICALISM VERSUS ART

(Continued from Page 13)

On the other hand, one may raise strong opposition on the ground that the theoretical rules of harmony are by no means strictly adhered to. This, in itself, is not sufficient reason for condemning the new era; but when we realize that these rules have been built up through centuries of study of the sounds most pleasing to the ear, the persistent use of novel and exceptional combinations can be justly regarded with skepticism. Possibly less objectionable is the fact that a theme or definite melody is usually lacking or at least carefully concealed, and that rhythm, though present, is often underemphasized. In addition, selections similar to the recently published "Symphony in Steel" create an impression of the artificiality of human occupation and environment rather than of nature and the great out-of-doors as portrayed by the classicists.

A masterpiece of the second type is Beethoven's "Pastorale Symphony", the first great program work in musical history, which contains three movements highly descriptive of the various aspects of country life. Wagner's immortal compositions are excellent examples of the employment of accompaniment suitable to his librettos. Since his operas are based upon myths which inevitably call for portrayals of the forces of nature, they are rich in tone pictures of great strength and beauty. Consequently, to rank modernism with such artistry is in reality to acknowledge that the three undeniable elements of music—harmony, melody, and rhythm—are of little value and that music defies definition as distinct from noise.

Accordingly, let us leave those who insist upon being "broad minded" to champion their cause wherever they may; and let us cease our vain attempts to convince ourselves that we enjoy that which cannot be enjoyed.

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Sittings at Your Home if Desired

139 NORTH STREET  
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### CHILDREN'S COLUMN

(Continued from page 22)

These Teachers! ! !

Dating back to Christmas we see that Miss Doris Carmel was given a Jack-in-the-box by the Unholy Five.

wwwwwww

He stepped aside to let her pass in front of him, and she reached across the counter and took the biggest piece of pie.

wwwwwww

Miss Kaliher: "Any girl can powder her nose in Room 206—if it will make her beautiful."

wwwwwww

Mr. Herberg: "Faint heart never won fair Algebra problems." "When a mathematician sees a term, he at once asks: Are there any more at home like you?"

wwwwwww

We understand that Miss Doris Carmel was scheduled for a chicken dinner on a Sunday in February. Did she get it?

wwwwwww

We suggest that the Senior A class leave Mr. Murray a ream of paper when they graduate; so that their successors may have second sheets on tests and paper for written home work.

wwwwwww

In case you're curious, the "w's" in between the articles stand for:

Woe to wags who wade in witless witticism.

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## *To the Students of the High School:*

The Eagle welcomes letters on current themes. Its "People's Forum" has become one of its most popular features. It would be most happy to publish, through that medium, the trend of undergraduate thought about what is going on in the world which never presented so many or such varied problems as it presents today. Let students try their hands at this form of public expression. Theirs is sure to be a fresh vision and a new angle.

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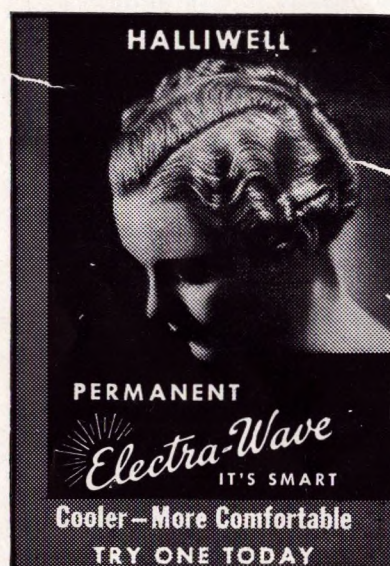
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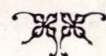


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